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than *Du* and *Ihr* (when persons are not intimate)''?

P. 76, l. 4. GRIMM'S Dictionary *sub* 'lauern' 4 a is better authority than BUCHHEIM, who is quoted at length.

P. 76, l. 30-31. The sense of "dry" in *nüchtern* seems far-fetched, as well as the remark that "in Just's mind thirst is provocative of piety." The choice ought to be left us between *nüchtern*="sober," that is, not having had a drop to drink, and "without breakfast," "on an empty stomach," that is, having had neither to eat nor to drink. Prof. PRIMER is a little severe upon Just anyway. He says Just is "from the dregs of society" (p. 70). Just is honest, faithful, and kind to beasts—good qualities, as the world goes.

P. 95, ll. 27, 28. Why would *unser zwei einem* be a more proper expression than *ihrer zwei einem*? Werner means "two to one," "two men lie in wait for one." It would seem the third person plural is quite in place.

P. 121, l. 28. *Mit* is probably a "bird in the bush." It does not mean 'also' here. That is pretty clear. I doubt whether it ever has superlative force. GRIMM'S Dictionary *sub* 'mit' i, 3, does not warrant that statement. If "taken" were supplied in English, *mit* might be translated here by 'along.'

P. 141, l. 3. *Wir wären allein* is to our mind a species of potential subjunctive of the kind that may be called the "guarded" or "diplomatic" subjunctive. So are the subjunctives pp. 93, l. 4; 119, l. 17; 157, l. 20. "Es ist mit unserem Conjunctiv ein wunderlich Ding," says HILDEBRAND.

P. 160, l. 11. This note on *Vormittage* puts implicit trust in LEHMANN'S statement concerning "Dehnung auf *e*" in his 'Lessing's Sprache,' p. 197. LEHMANN jumbles together old *jo*-stems (for example, *Glücke*); old weak substantives and adjectives (for example, *Herze*, *Herre*); adverbs in *-e* (for example, *gerne*, *feste*, *balde*), and calls all these *e*'s "Dehnungen." *Vormittage*, as is hinted at by HEYNE in GRIMM'S Dictionary *sub* 'Mittag' 2 b, and as is roundly stated by LEXER *sub* 'Nachmittag,' is nothing but "zusammengerücktes" *vor* and *Mittage*, which is entitled to the *-e* as dative sign. I remember hearing, in dialects, *vormittage* and *nachmittage* with-

out a preposition. When the compound nouns *der Vormittag*, *Nachmittag* became established with their proper accent, they may have changed the accent of *vor Mittag* to *Vórmittage*. Present good usage may require *Vormittag* here, but the editor's right to drop the *-e* is very questionable. Cf. GOETHE'S 'Faust,' i, 2903-4. (Weimar ed.):

Verzeiht die Freiheit die ich genommen,
Will Nachmittage wiederkommen.

If LEHMANN is wrong, then Professor PRIMER'S remark about *gewohne* in l. 15, p. 92, will not hold good. "The final *-e* is the *-e* so often attached to the nominative of substantives by LESSING." *Gewohn* and *gewohne* are found in the literary language. The latter is claimed (first by GRAFF, I think) to be common in dialects; for example, in Berlin. Whether this *-e* is adverbial or flexional, or due to association with the noun, I am not now prepared to say. O. H. G. *giwona*, M. H. G. *gewone* are strong feminine nouns; also the O. S. weak adjective *giwono*, M. H. G. *gewone*. The dialect form *gewohne* is quite appropriate in Werner's mouth, and there is no reason for changing it into the standard and common hybrid *gewohnt*, as many editors have done.

There are misprints on p. 99, l. 21; p. 170, l. 23; p. 224, l. 24; p. 227, l. 18 (*über einer Sache nachdenken* should be *über eine Sache*). On p. 32 should not "preceding" be "following"?

In conclusion, mention should be made of one more excellent feature of the notes; namely, that they are not full of grammar. There are references to JOYNES-MEISSNER, WHITNEY, and the undersigned.

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A Study of Ben Jonson. By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. New York: Worthington and Co., 1889.

If the old and threadbare saying, "good poets make bad critics," ever had need of another refutation, we may certainly find it here. Those who have learned to know and to love the poetry of Mr. SWINBURNE, have long since recognized the brilliancy of his prose, and the high rank which he has won for himself as a critic in his admirable treatment

of such of the mighty Elizabethans as CHAPMAN, MARLOWE and the master-poet himself. It is rarely that we can get anything from the greatest or the least of our Shakespearians but a sullen neglect of BEN JONSON. Each one of them has taken that dreadful utterance to DRUMMOND, that "Shakespeare wanted art," with certain other replies, begot of the generous warmth of Canary and the cold blood of an unfriend, as sufficient to make JONSON the mortal foe of every righteous critic of SHAKESPEARE that shall thenceforth wield pen for the general mystification of mankind. JONSON's lines of fervid praise and admiration, as worthy of the generous heart that prompted them as of the mighty master they sought to praise, are all but clean forgot. It is, then, with no little interest that we listen to the opinions of so prominent a Shakespearian critic as Mr. SWINBURNE.

There is always about the critical opinions of Mr. SWINBURNE a delightful air of candor and originality. He ties little to the traditions of his kind, although avoiding that far more reprehensible extreme which starts out with the express purpose of reversing all previous decisions. Between the limitations that come with the purely judicial mind on the one hand, and the warm enthusiasm of partizanship on the other, we cannot hesitate to prefer the latter, if for no better reason than that its errors are more readily recognizable. Partizanship has done much for the truth; it is the frigid impartiality that "deprecates great virtues and extenuates great vices" that too often leaves us in the end little the wiser. There can be no question as to Mr. SWINBURNE; look upon almost any page we may, he is perfectly ingenuous in showing us his likes and dislikes on matters kindred or foreign. If anyone happens to have forgotten whether Mr. SWINBURNE agrees with the late Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD's superlative estimate of BYRON, let him read this statement of the relative position of JONSON among poets: "Beside the towering figure of this Enceladus the statue of DRYDEN seems but that of an ordinary man, the statue of BYRON—who indeed can only be classed among giants by a somewhat licentious or audacious use of metaphor—seems little higher

than a dwarf's." If anyone is in doubt as to Mr. SWINBURNE's position as to Puritanism, let him read the following on "the immortal figure of Rabbi Busy" in "Bartholomew Fair": "In that absolute and complete incarnation of Puritanism full justice is done to the merits while full justice is done upon the demerits of the barbarian sect from whose inherited and infectious tyranny this nation is as yet but imperfectly delivered."

"A Study of Ben Jonson" falls naturally into three parts: JONSON as a dramatist, as a writer of miscellaneous verses, and as a prose author. In each of these, the critic has considered the author in the broad spirit of modern criticism, while faithfully performing his task by a consideration of each work in order. Mr. SWINBURNE is of the opinion that it was the strength of JONSON's morality, the force of his conscience, in other words, that formed one of the chief limitations of his art. No one will seriously disagree with this, if the expression be but explained: indeed there can be little doubt but that JONSON, who studied his TACITUS so closely that he could boast with reason that there was not a line in any utterance of his "Tiberius" not founded upon the authority of the ancient historian, is a better antiquarian than dramatist. In searching for accuracy of detail JONSON lost his grasp of reality, and his Sejanus, Tiberius, and Cataline stalk before us, historically impeccable monstrosities. Who would not give the master's Cassius or Anthony for "the noblest Roman of them all"? The truth is, JONSON always tried too hard; the stamp—rather the brand—of effort is on nearly everything he wrote. Indeed, it is for this very quality of conscientious attention to craftsmanship, that we find JONSON always at his best in the impersonation of a humor. Who will not remember Bobadil, Tucca Zealin-the-Land Busy, each based on a humor or, in modern parlance, upon "the vivification of characteristic"? Again, it is for this quality of conscientious attention to craftsmanship that JONSON is unquestionably the best constructor of plot in our literature. We are especially glad to find Mr. SWINBURNE putting "Volpone" on a plane with the "Alchemist,"—a judgment to which not a few admirers of JONSON will subscribe, although long deterred

from the expression of such an opinion by the overawing *dictum* of COLERIDGE as to the "Alchemist." The "Staple of News," too, has been rescued from the comparative oblivion into which the sweeping condemnation of DRYDEN long since plunged this really 'splendid comedy'; whilst the undue estimation of the "New Inn," the result of CHARLES LAMB's judicious selection, is moderately corrected. It is for independent judgments such as these, in which the value of "opinion untrammelled by the authority of great names" manifests itself, that our critic deserves our utmost gratitude.

Mr. SWINBURNE does adequate justice to JONSON's series of graceful and lightly poetical masques, upon which the poet assuredly lavished all the wealth of his intellect and energy; and devotes the second part of his "study" to the miscellaneous works of JONSON, including the really notable collections, the "Forest" and "Underwoods." The critic calls attention to JONSON's extraordinary versatility as witnessed in these poems, to his "energy and purity, clearness and sufficiency, simplicity and polish"; distinguishes his chief blemish as stiffness rather than the proverbial ruggedness; and adds: "if ruggedness of verse is a damaging blemish, stiffness of verse is a destructive infirmity." Mr. SWINBURNE assigns to JONSON for his miscellaneous poems no more than a third or fourth rank among Elizabethans.

Finally, a considerable portion of the whole book is devoted to a consideration of that extraordinary "collection of notes or observations on men and morals, on principles and on facts," Jonson's 'Explorata' or 'Discoveries.' Mr. SWINBURNE makes the following just comparison between Lord BACON's famous 'Essays' and JONSON's 'Discoveries.' "The dry, curt style of the statement, docked and trimmed into sentences that are regularly snapped off or snipped down at the close of each deliverance, is as alien and as far from the fresh and vigorous spontaneity of the poet's as is the trimming and hedging morality of the essay on "Simulation and Dissimulation" from the spirit and instinct of the man who "of all things loved to be called honest." There can be no doubt of the entire truth of

this statement, extraordinary as it may appear to those unfamiliar with JONSON's admirable prose. Indeed it has long been a matter of wonder to the few that have ever read a word of JONSON's 'Discoveries' that this rich treasure of our literature, together with all its author's matchless dramatic achievements, should be suffered to lie practically unedited and corrupt, whilst edition after edition of the Baconian apothegms flood the markets with a crabbed style and a worldly morality.

We can not but feel that, taken all in all, Mr. SWINBURNE has done ample justice to one of the greatest names in the annals of our literature. He has done more: he has called attention to the superlative excellence of JONSON's prose, and has sought to explain that difficult problem, why the highest talent, immense learning, unusual versatility and Titanic industry, may be lavished on the work of a lifetime and yet give their possessor a place second to some reckless sonneteer who sings because he must. With all the dictator's matchless equipment, without doubt there was many an humble devotee new "sealed of the tribe of Ben," whose vernal offerings possessed not only "color, form, variety, fertility and vigor," but that last of the graces, fragrance itself. From the putative "The Case is Altered" to that graceful but broken torso, "The Sad Shepherd," we have a beautiful, diverse and well-wrought series, all cut from the same difficult quarry, all shaped with the design of an artist and wrought with the zeal and industry of a faithful craftsman. Whether the statue of the great Roman favorite is before us, the sardonic visage of "The Fox," or the sylvan tracery of some delicate masque, all is well conceived and carefully executed; but all is hewn out of the same unpromising material. It is rarely that we are cheated out of a sense of the weight and the color of stone.

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Histoire de la littérature néerlandaise en Belgique par J. STECHER, Professeur à l'Université de Liège, membre de l'Académie. Bruxelles: J. Lebègue & Cie, 1887. 8vo, pp. viii, 370.

Though this work appeared more than